ALLAN PERCY.

A Ballad

AS SUNG BY

MADAME ANNA ABLAMOWICZ

Arranged for the Piano Forte *and respectfully*

DEDICATED TO

MISS MARGARET B. MORTON

BY THE

PUBLISHERS

Piano Accomp't 25 Cts. net *Guitar Accomp't 25 Cts. net*

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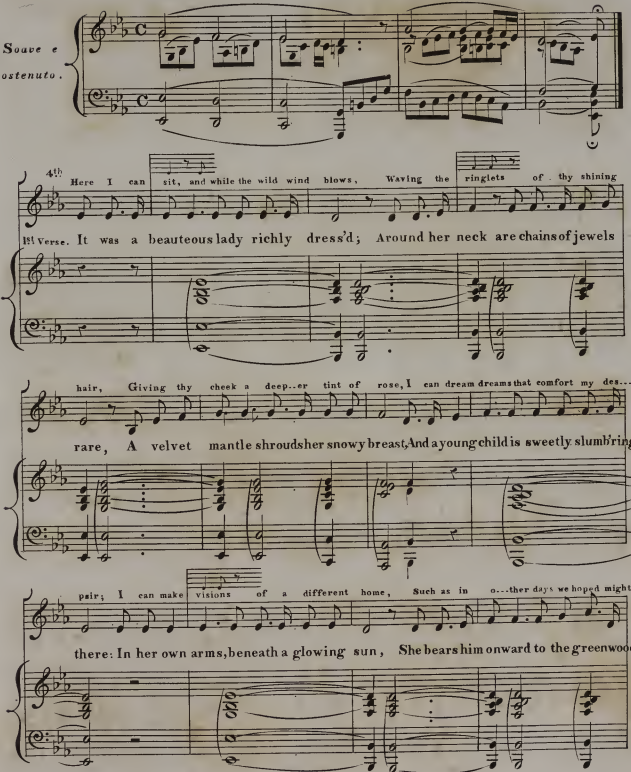
Allan Percy.

A Favorite Ballad *as sung by Madm Ablamowiez.*


Soave e
Sostenuto.
Here I can sit, and while the wild wind blows, Waving the ringlets of thy shining
1st Verse. It was a beauteous lady richly dress'd; Around her neck are chains of jewels
hair, Giving thy cheek a deep..er tint of rose, I can dream dreams that comfort my des...
rare, A velvet mantle shrouds her snowy breast, And a young child is sweetly slumb'ring
pair; I can make visions of a different home, Such as in o...ther days we hoped might
there: In her own arms, beneath a glowing sun, She bears him onward to the greenwood

Allan Percy. Nº 1359 – 4.

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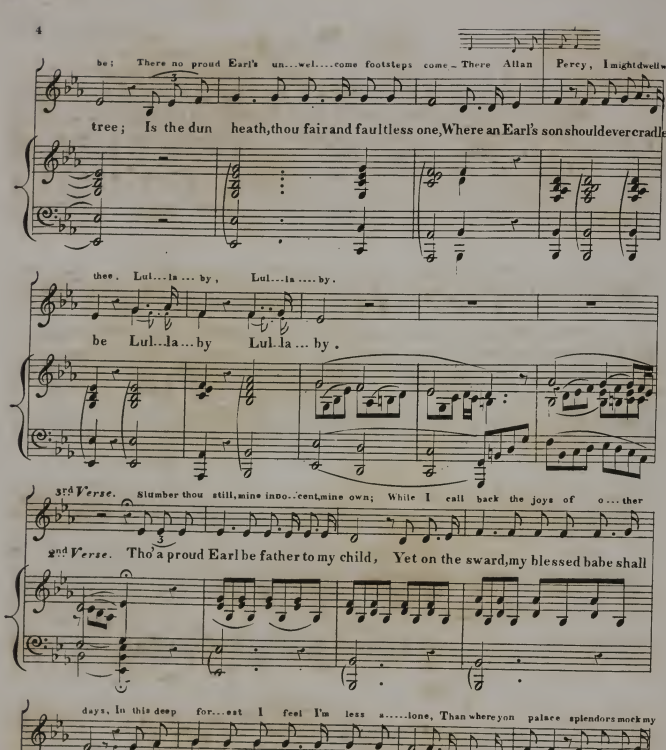
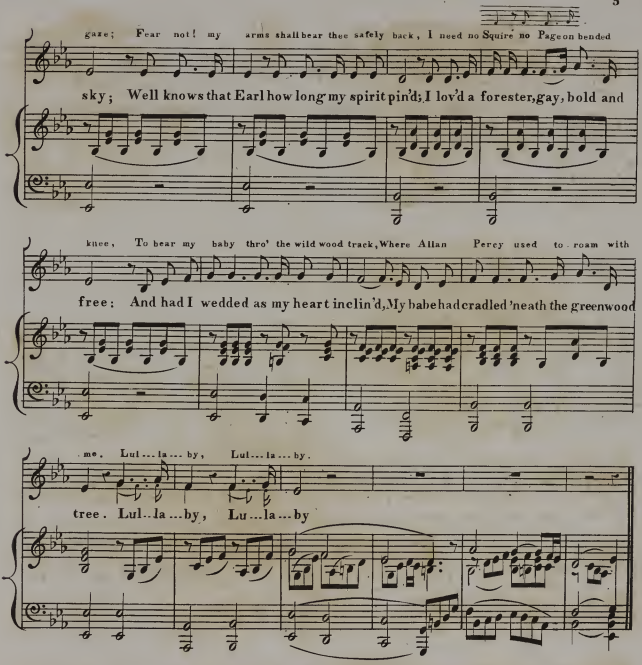

be; There no proud Earl's un...wel....come footsteps come. There Allan Percy, I might dwell with
tree; Is the dun heath, thou fair and faultless one, Where an Earl's son should ever cradled
thee. Lul...la ... by, Lul...la .... by.
be Lul..la...by Lul..la ... by.
3rd Verse. Slumber thou still, mine inno..cent, mine own; While I call back the joys of o....ther
2nd Verse. Tho' a proud Earl be father to my child, Yet on the sward, my blessed babe shall
days, In this deep for...est I feel I'm less a.....lone, Than where yon palace splendors mock my
lie; Let the winds lull him with their murmurs wild, And toss their branches upward to the


gaze; Fear not! my arms shall bear thee safely back, I need no Squire no Pageon bended
sky; Well knows that Earl how long my spirit pin'd; I lov'd a forester gay, bold and
knee, To bear my baby thro' the wild wood track, Where Allan Percy used to roam with
free; And had I wedded as my heart inclin'd, My babe had cradled 'neath the greenwood
me. Lul...la...by, Lul...la...by.
tree. Lul..la...by, Lu...la...by

5

Thou art mine own-I'll bear thee where I list,
Far from the dull proud tower, and donjon keep,
From my long hair, the pearl-chains I'll untwist,
And with a peasant's heart, sit down and weep.
Thy bright embroidered robe, my precious one,
Chang'd for a simpler covering shall be,
And I will dream thee, Allan Percy's son,
And think poor Allan, guards thy sleep with me.
Lullaby, Lullaby.

16.